

A mother names her boy Ne-in-da—"the passing cloud;" in manhood he may receive the name Taopi—"the wounded one." In English the verb "I love" is the same when applied to a person, a thing, a quality of mind or of matter. [If an Ojibway says, "I love," and stops, you can tell by the inflection of the verb who it is or what it is he loves. These unwritten Indian tongues are marvelous for their beauty and power, and are capable of conveying as nice shades of meaning as classic Greek.

The Indian is not in any gross sense an idolator. His universe is peopled with spirits. He recognizes a Great Spirit; he believes in a future life. He has passionate love for his children, and will gladly die for his people. He is a true friend and a bitter enemy. I have never known of an instance where the Indian was the first to violate plighted faith. General H. H. Sibley, the chief factor of the Northwest Fur Company, says that for thirty years it was the boast of the Sioux that they had never taken the life of a white man. The Hon. Henry M. Rice, the chief factor among the Chippeways bears like testimony to their firm friendship and honesty.

Thirty years ago our Indian system was at its worst. It was a blunder and a crime. It recognized nomadic tribes as independent nations. It destroyed the advisory power of the chiefs and gave nothing in its place. It recognized no personal rights of property; it gave no protection to person or life; it punished no crime. Its emoluments were rewards for political service, and most of its solemn treaties were framed to use the Indian as a key to unlock the public treasury. At best it established heathen almshouses to graduate savage paupers. Three white men passed a sleeping Indian. One said, "I will kill the damned redskin," and drew his rifle and shot him. No one was punished. An Indian woman died in a border village from brutal violence. The agent was appealed to and said, "It was none of his business." A mixed-blood killed an Indian woman; he was arrested and sent to the nearest United States fort. After three months in the guard house the Secretary of War ordered his discharge, saying that there was no law to punish an Indian.

It was not strange that the poor heathen, surrounded by evil influences, were dragged to a depth of sorrow which their heathen fathers never knew, and that robbery and wrong brought a perennial harvest of blood. Statesmen and philanthropists pleaded in vain. Changes were made, but the system was unreformed. Secretary Barbour asked Congress to remove the bureau from the War Department. It was done; but spurious coin is not made good by changing pockets.

Friends advised me not to undertake any Indian Missions. In my boyhood I listened to the stories of an old soldier of the Mohawk, whose life had been spent among the Indians. A sainted mother taught me to defend the weak. I believed

that these wandering red men were children of one God and Father, and that He loved them as He loved us. I carried it where I love to take anything which troubles me, and I vowed that, God being my helper, I would never turn my back on the heathen at my door. I have tried to keep the vow.

Three weeks after I reached my diocese I visited the Indian Mission at Gull Lake. I had pictured the Indian of Cooper; the gay dress of wild men and women; the picturesque wigwam with its trophies of war and chase; the happy groups of dark haired women and children. We had hardly entered the forest before we came to the new-made grave of an Indian killed in a drunken brawl. The first wigwam was a scene of desolation—dirty, squalid, half naked children; a poor mother standing in the snow scraping the pitch from the inner bark of the pine-tree to satisfy the gnawing hunger of her babes; a young girl dying from scrofula; all a picture of woe to make me cry, "How long, how long, O Lord?"

The lights and shadows of that first visit are the epitome of years. We held a sweet service in the log church of St. Columba, on the banks of the loveliest of Minnesota lakes. The service was strange to me. I only knew one word, and that is the same in every tongue—"Jesus." It made us of kin. I preached through an interpreter and tried to tell the old, old story so as to reach these hearts. After service I was asked to bury an Indian child. It was at even, when the shadows of the pine tree rested on the grave. Never did service sound sweeter than as I christened this Indian lamb "dust to dust" in the acre of God. An Indian burial is sacred. The mother lays the child's treasures in the grave; friends place the weapons of war and the chase in the warrior's hands, and the faithful dog is slain to bear his master company to the happy hunting grounds. After the service the mother brought me a lock of hair, black as a raven's wings and said: "I have heard that when the white mother's lose their babes they have their hair made into a cross to remind them of the baby who has gone and of Jesus, who has taken it. Will Keche-muck-a-day-a-konay have my baby's hair made into a cross?"

(To be continued.)

## Woman's Auxiliary Department.

*"The love of Christ constraineth us"*

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"We cannot improve ourselves, we cannot assist others, we cannot do our duty in the world, except with annoyances, except with care and difficulty. We must each of us bear our cross with Him! When we bear it, each day makes it easier to bear."